

FEBRUARY 14, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

# Life

Saint Valentine's Number



*It Takes All Kinds—*



E. ARCO, 1924

*In a word—* A MAJORITY of the homes commonly described as "Ideal" are warmed by boilers which bear the same name.

There is a particular IDEAL Boiler for every size and kind of home. All you need to remember are these good words:

Write on a post-card your name and address and the number of rooms in your house. Let us tell you, by return mail, about the IDEAL Boiler which is designed for just such a house as yours, and how it will pay for itself in the fuel it saves. Address either office below



**IDEAL BOILERS**  
*and* **AMERICAN RADIATORS**  
*save coal*

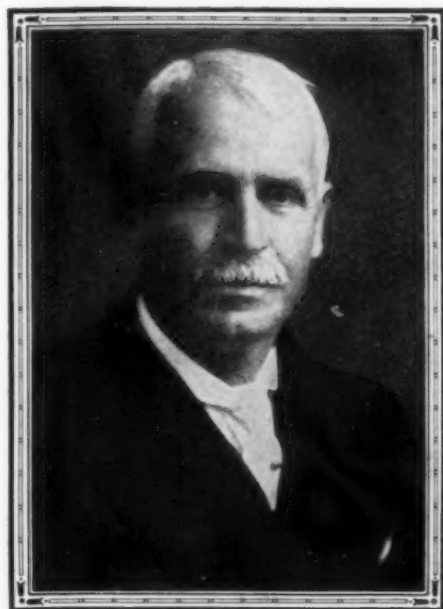
*Your Heating Contractor is our distributor*

**AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY**

104 W. 42nd St., New York Dept. 28 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

IDEAL TYPE A

# An Advertisement to Our Employees:



"If you have ever been doubtful as to whether we mean what we say, this ought to settle it."

People generally pay more attention to telegrams than to letters, don't they? You agree, because you know that the man who pays several times the cost of a letter to get his message before you quickly and prominently has something important to say.

That's exactly why I'm giving you this message in expensive—and valuable—space when I might get it to you more economically in several other ways. That's why I'm advertising, to you, the service you give.

There's another reason, too, I'm here going on public record with this—which I wouldn't be if the same sheet of printed words were sent to you at the hotel or at your home address.

Now forget those preliminaries and get the message:

You know, and I know, that the policies of this business are simple, and plain, and easily understood.

You know, and I know, that the biggest job in running these big hotels is to keep the human side of service up to our standard. The mechanical-service features don't make one one-hundredth the trouble that the people who give service do.

Our guests are promised, and guaranteed, a service that isn't only thorough, but is also helpful; that isn't perfunctory, and that is interested; that isn't ever grudging, and is always courteous.

Those written promises, made to our customers, are just as binding on us as are the written promises to our bankers to pay them certain moneys.

What I'm saying to you, here and now, is that those promises must and will be kept; neither you nor I nor anybody working in these hotels can forget them or neglect them, and get away with it.

All previous instructions stand, you understand, and all alibis are outlawed. You're to do all your authority permits toward satisfying any guest, and if that doesn't satisfy him you're to see that he gets to your superior.

You're to be guided by the Codes; you're to use your head; you're to follow the golden rule of treating the other fellow—guest or fellow-employee—as you'd like to be treated.

I don't want to preach, and I don't want to scold. If I do either I'll do it in

private. What I'm trying to do is to put this to you in the most forceful way I can think of.

If you have ever been doubtful as to whether we mean what we say, this—and the guarantee we give to every guest—ought to settle it.

## The Guarantee of Statler Service

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept, I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo.

*Emory*

### HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquoia Hotel is closed, not to re-open.  
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.  
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.  
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.  
BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

# STATLER

and Statler-operated

# HOTELS

### Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 1100 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

1899 - 1924

# Only Packard can build a Packard



Brilliant Beauty  
Distinctive Smartness  
Extraordinary Performance  
Economy of Operation  
Luxurious Comfort  
Low Upkeep Cost  
Years and Years of Service  
Pride of Ownership  
Sound Investment  
Standardized Nation-Wide  
• Service  
High Resale Value

*Four-wheel service brakes; 2 additional rear  
wheel brakes—a total of 6—on all Packard cars*

A S K   T H E   M A N   W H O   O W N S   O N E



FEB 12 1924

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PATIENTS OF A SAINT



### Mr. Kleboe's Clinker

No. 7—Mr. Kleboe dislodged his clinker last Wednesday! He does not know how. It simply weakened under years of wear and tear. Mr. Kleboe is now disconsolate at its loss, and depressed at the prospect of having nothing to do on long winter evenings. (Further developments in next week's issue of LIFE.)

"ARE you the man who lectures on peace at any price?"

"Well—er—I lecture on peace, but my price is two hundred dollars a lecture."

**SOCIETY NOTE:** Mr. and Mrs. Bead A. Bubaling have purchased a magnificent house yacht and will be at home twelve miles out.



*Nervous Patient:* IS AN OPERATION ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, DOCTOR?

*Doctor:* NO, BUT IT IS CUSTOMARY.

### Current Valentines

THE rose is red,  
The violet blue.  
What say we wed—  
For a year or two?

Ah, let me be fore'er thy slave,  
As permanent as is thy wave.

Though you love me  
As I love you,  
Some judge can cut  
Our love in two.

Our marriage will be à la mode,  
Since love is but an episode.  
And when it leaves, we'll not be vex'd,  
But write, "Continued in our next."

Fairfax Downey.

### The Given Point

**JIMMIE:** When I grow up, wouldn't you rather have me an engineer on a freight train than on a passenger train?

**MOTHER:** I hadn't thought of it. Why?

"You could watch me go by longer."

**EVEN** if he gets poor service, a fat man in a telephone booth has little room for complaint.



Old Gentleman: AND HOW OLD ARE YOU, MY DEAR?  
Child: I WAS FIVE, GOING ON SIX, YESTERDAY.

## The Elements of Sport

AN enterprising winter resort recently obtained the coveted publicity of a lifetime when it bought up a quantity of snow and imported it for home consumption by its patrons. Now that the precedent has been established, it is quite probable that the vogue will spread rapidly, and we may soon expect to read such items as the following:

### *Yacht Races Postponed Until Breeze Shipment Arrives*

REALPORT, L. I.—The opening yacht races of the annual regatta being held here this week were necessarily omitted from yesterday's program, owing to the dead calm which has prevailed since Monday afternoon. It is hoped, however, that the races may be run off to-day upon arrival of a rush shipment of Grade A, fifteen-knot breeze which is expected here this morning. Admiral M. T. Sayle, Chairman of the Weather

Arrangements Committee, told reporters last evening that he paid a large premium for immediate delivery on a supply of breeze large enough to cover the entire course and to accommodate at least thirty sailboats.

### *Huge Surface Real Estate Deal Closed Here*

NEW YORK CITY.—Final papers were signed and plans approved here yesterday for shipment of eighty acres of mixed grass and clover from a well-known Westchester estate to North Aurora, N. M. The order is guaranteed to arrive at its destination in time for the national golf tourney which will take place there next month. Owing to excessively dry weather in that state, the native grass is rapidly withering away and the Committee in charge of the golf meet decided it would be more economical to purchase a new

covering for the course than to invest in a protracted supply of rain, which is at present commanding a premium in domestic markets.

### *Famous Canadian Club Lets Contract For Its Summer Weather*

ROME, P. Q., CANADA.—Ducker Inn, the popular summer resort near this village, closed a contract last week with the Weebring-Summers Corp. of West Palm Beach, Fla., for twenty carloads of hot sand and three thousand barrels of torrid sunshine for the swimming carnival which is scheduled to take place during the latter part of February.

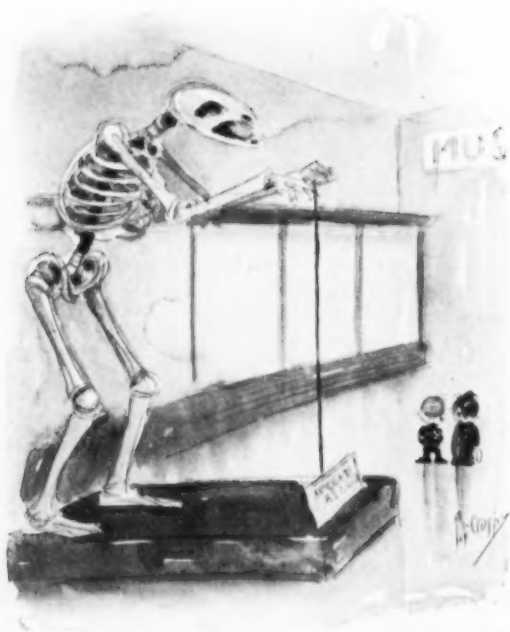
Edward S. Wallace.

### *Following the Sun*

CRAWFORD: Is Niblick really obliged to travel so much?

CRABSHAW: Why, yes; he plays golf the year round.





Kid: IT'S A DARN SHAME—SOMEBODY  
SHOULDA FED HIM!

### Keeping Congress Fit

MEMORANDA to the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives from Dr. Copeland's office:

\*To-morrow's schedule will begin as usual with the grand overture and musical entrance of the Senators, followed by special drills for cold and flat feet. At the conclusion of the drills there will be ten minutes of exercises designed to reduce taxes.

\*Candidates for the Varsity Congress basketball team will meet in the New Willard grill. Following practice, there will be a beauty contest, from which Senators Smoot and Borah have voluntarily withdrawn.

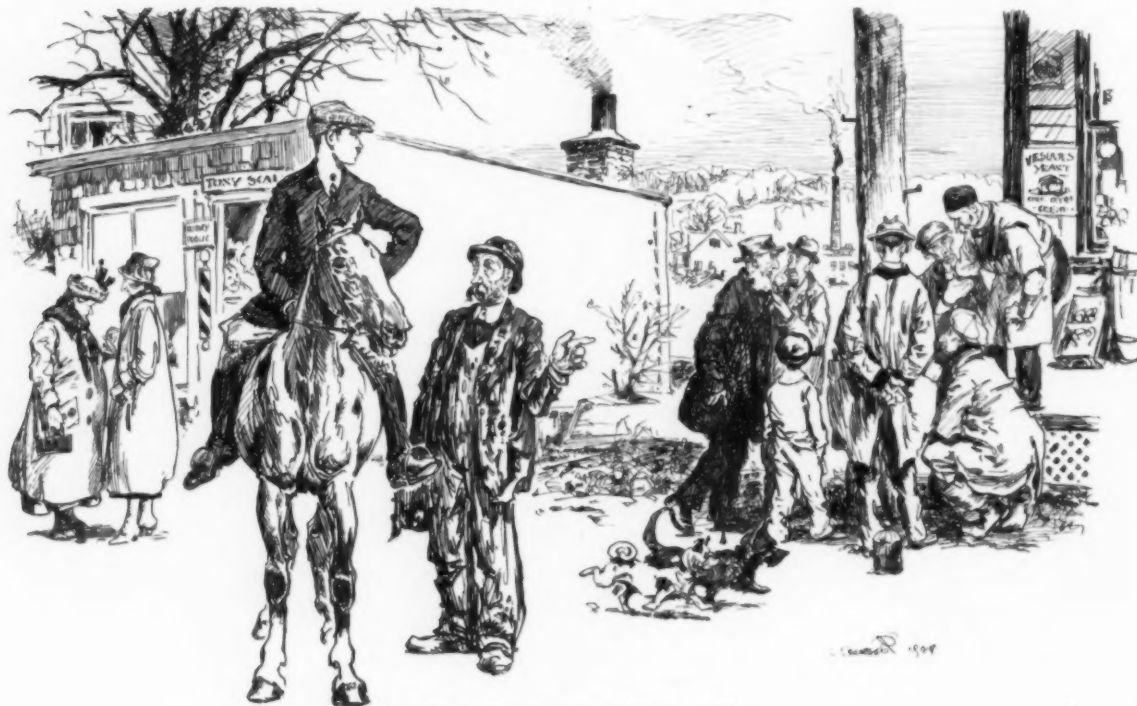
\*To-morrow's first rest period will be devoted to the serious discussion of American and foreign affairs, followed by a light luncheon.

\*Promptly after luncheon, the class in advanced ballroom dancing will report to Dr. Copeland's assistant, Miss Imogen McClintock. Those not in dancing class will engage in a toothbrush drill.

\*Third rest period. Passing of important bills. After this period, members in good standing are cordially invited to attend a special exhibition in wand-waving by the Senate Zouaves, Senator La Follette in command.

\*The day's schedule will be ended by ten minutes of deep breathing with open windows, followed by crackers.

Henry William Hanemann.



"WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?"  
"FELLA AN' HIS WIFE RUN INTO THAT TELEGRAPH POLE AN' GOT TOOK TO TH' HAWSPITTLE."  
"WELL—WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?"  
"A WEEK AGO YESTIDDY."





A NATION CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY

—Abraham Lincoln.



"IT TAKES A LOT OF COURAGE TO BE BEAUTIFUL, DOESN'T IT, MOTHER?"

### The Protests of an Inoffensive Man

WHILE I did not attend Dartmouth College, have never visited St. Moritz, and know Lake Placid only through the Sunday supplements, I do not, as one might expect, exactly detest winter sports. If pretty girls find a thrill in tobogganing into the eye of a camera, and if middle-aged fat women actually find teetering on skates a pleasure, it is not for me to object. I believe in letting any person act any way he or she pleases in the so-called great outdoors, no matter how queerly.

I can even find something to admire in persons who go skiing, and, by practicing certain rules known only to myself, I can keep my hands from the throat of the woman who suggests that the dinner party go for a "good long

hike in the snow." That is to say, I have done it.

Therefore I think it only fair for people to indulge my little whim. All I ask is that they control themselves and refrain from telling me how comfortable they are on their sleeping porches when the mercury stands at twenty below. *McC. H.*

### Valentine Antique

I SHALL sit in a tall pink chair  
At a small black desk of ebony;  
High and curled, my powdered hair,  
Silk and flowered my gown will be.  
With a quill of orange I shall write  
On a blotter of peacock blue  
Three old words, in red and white,  
Sealed under lace—for you.

*Virginia Woods Mackall.*

### Life Lines

THE public is not so much interested in what a scofflaw is as where he gets it. JL

Motto for oil-stock promoters: Don't give up the gyp. JL

Tex Rickard has announced that he will stage no prize fights in New York during the Democratic Convention. He evidently feels that the competition would be too strong. JL

During the Convention, traffic will wear the conventional block. JL

An American scientist has received the Nobel Award for isolating the electron. So far, however, no award has been made to the American Senate for isolating a whole country. JL

The author of the Bok peace plan has been revealed, but we still don't know who wrote "Flaming Youth." JL

A Berlin dispatch announces that the ex-Crown Prince is now being boomed for President of Germany. Those Teutons are certainly gluttons for punishment. JL

The "banished" emperor of the Klan should remember that you can't eat your K. K. K. and have it too. JL

A sport writer gives credit to Dempsey for taking excellent care of his hands. We think some credit should be given to the hands for taking such excellent care of Dempsey.

### Next Week

ARE you interested in War? Have you, in the last five years, come to the obvious conclusion that Peace is a failure? Do you believe that the time is ripe for us to start another big rousing World Conflict?

If so, you will want to see next week's issue of LIFE. It contains an announcement of extraordinary importance to all 100-per-cent., two-fisted Jingoists.

Watch for:

**LIFE'S War Prize Contest**

## Choose Your Exit Now

HAVING come to the inevitable conclusion that it is impossible to live in New York for any sustained length of time without getting run over by something, you should go about the thing systematically and pick out now, while you still can, the sort of wagon you'd like to have hit you.

A good many people are partial to taxicabs, but I've always found that when they run over you, you are embarrassed by feeling that you ought to tip the driver; you can get around this feeling with fire-engines, and they have the additional advantage of being able to ignore traffic policemen, which allows them to take you off with some speed and save you from having to remember your past life. But they're very rough—far rougher than taxicabs. Subway express trains wouldn't be bad if they didn't have so many wheels; if you are hit by a train of, say, nine cars, you'll be run over seventy-two separate times before it gets through.

I have studied mobile destruction from all angles and I know that there's nothing on wheels that can compare with hospital ambulances; their drivers have the bell to play with, which keeps their minds away from tips; they are faster than the fire-engines and don't take the matter nearly so fiercely, and being run over by them is not so pro-



### ULTRA-MODERN EDUCATION

THE JEALOUS WIVES' CLASS IN HUSBAND-SHOOTING AT TARGET PRACTICE

longed as it is by express trains. And the ease with which an ambulance can be made to hit you is one of its most valuable points: you don't have to go dodging through traffic to find it; you don't even have to get in the way—it'll come after you. Some cabmen hesitate to hit you, but these ambulance drivers—they would just as soon run over you as not. In fact, they'd rather run over you; they get paid on commission. But the greatest advantage is that this wagon is self-sufficient: it will

run over you, pick you up, and take you right on to the hospital.

If you're going to get run over (and there's no use thinking you aren't), in my opinion there's nothing on the street that can compare with an ambulance for doing the thing up properly.

*Berry Fleming.*

**A**RTIST: This painting represents a lot of labor.

VISITOR: Ah—is that what it represents?



SINCE THAT TENDERFOOT SPENT THE SUMMER AT THE RANCH THE WHOLE DOG-GONE OUTFIT HAS GONE HOG-WILD.



CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS





WINTER SPORTS

CHASING THE HAT. THIS FORM OF DIVERSION IS ONE MUCH IN FAVOR WITH SOLID BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN. ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A HIGH WIND, A WELL-ICED PAVEMENT, AND ONE CONVENTIONAL STANDARD-GAUGE BROWN DERBY.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

February  
7th

Lay late, pondering the value of a civilization which imposes distasteful obligations on its members, and so convinced myself of what I wished to believe, *i. e.*, the folly of doing anything against one's will, that I did straightway telephone old Mrs. Follansbee's servant that our presence at her dinner this night was impossible. An ignoble action, in the light of Kant's imperative, for a universal application of it would reduce social functions to a minimum and create an egoistic society. Lord! it is a blessing I have relatives and friends to admonish me, else I should develop into the old woman to be found in every hamlet, living in a fine house, heading the tax list, and cracking a black-snake whip over all setting foot inside her gate...To luncheon at the Brevoort, having B. Brown and Kate Mitchell as guests, but they ate so sparingly that I did lay out only two dollars for the meal, and when I told Sam he quoth, It's a mistake. They'll get you next time!

February  
8th

Up betimes, looking to our costumes for to-night's revel, and why we send missionaries to the heathen whilst fancy dress parties still prevail in this land I know not, but the Bannings persuaded us, so I did myself up comfortably as a Spaniard. The

day gone in assembling a pirate's outfit for my husband, poor wretch, who begged to impersonate a diplomat by drawing a strip of red ribbon across the shirt front of his regular evening apparel...Tea with Alison Smith, the critick, who spoke of her pleasure in saying *Basta! Basta!* to the beggars in Italy because she felt as if she were calling them something. And she did astonish me by asking what it was like to be always on the crest of the wave, for Lord! there be moments, meseems, when I have landed for life in the trough...Late in the evening to the Astor Hotel, where all sorts of rag, tag and bobtail were gathered for the Beaux Arts ball, nor did we quit it till six in the morning, neither, and I was at some pains to get Sam to leave even then.

February  
9th

Awake betimes, asking anxiously after Samuel's health, and he responded that whereas he would amount to naught on a merry-go-round or an escalator, he might manage to taxi to his office and spend an hour with his secretary, so I got him off. But he did return soon after luncheon with Bob Trevott, Sidney Fairfax and the news that he had stopped at his club and brought himself back to normal. So we

(Continued on page 31)



### Checking Up on 1923

**D**URING the month of January, LIFE's Pessimism Dept. was busy compiling statistics, checking up on the promises that were made in January, 1923, in the public prints. We find that one year ago the following items figured prominently in the news:

1. The Inter-Allied Reparations Conference opened in Paris early in January, with the avowed purpose of settling the German situation once and for all. Before the delegates had even taken their rubbers off, the thing had exploded in their hands.

2. Secretary Hoover issued a New Year's statement, saying that Europe was on the up-grade, that active war had ceased, and that he looked for a big year in international amity. Secretary Hoover could not be reached on the telephone last night.

3. A sensational plan was announced, involving a Central Theatre Ticket Agency, which was to do away with ticket-speculators entirely and allow the public to get their theatre tickets practically at cost. See above illustration of how this plan has worked out.

4. Colonel Harvey, here on a secret mission from England, denied that he would resign.

5. The head of LIFE's Pessimism Dept. decided to keep a personal expense account in a little book to be carried about in the vest-pocket. As each expenditure was made it was to be immediately jotted down, with a final monthly posting and balancing in view. On January 11, he was seriously injured by being trampled upon in a subway-jam, as a result of trying to jot down a five-cent item immediately after going through a turnstile. On January 17, he was ejected from a restaurant on suspicion of being a Prohibition agent after making notes of the cost of his dinner. On January 19 and 20, he neglected to make entries, owing to the cold and the consequent difficulty of holding a pencil, and on January 24 he lost the little book. No reward was offered and it was never found.

### My Husband Says

**T**HAT he thinks the lacy valentines are suitable only for lovers in the earlier stages, so he sends me flowers.

I sometimes wish he would give me bonbons instead, for he always sends flowers the day after I do anything displeasing to him, and there are so few varieties that one gets rather tired of them.

He says that when he was a small boy you could buy comic valentines for a cent each and they had caricatures of the teacher and everybody.

He says they were the best work of Greenwich Village artists at their worst and a kid could broadcast a lot of consternation in a community for ten cents.

But I just loved the frilled ones that would pull out like an accordion and had verses like "The rose is red, the violet's blue, my heart has bled for love of you," and plump cherubs knee-deep in forget-me-nots.

I wish we could all have them back again. Don't you?

L. Blanche Simpson.

### A Childish Fancy

**"M**ADAM, with this new process I can take ten years off your age."

"No, I think I'll remain an adult."

**K**IND LADY: Boys, boys! You mustn't fight. Don't you know this is Sunday?

**S**mall Boy: Aw, shucks, lady, we don't belong to none of them labor unions.

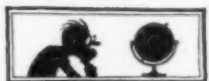


THOSE NEW BALLOON TIRES OUGHT TO BE A GREAT BOON TO MOTORISTS.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE



One question  
that arises  
with us all,  
one time  
or other,  
is, "What's the  
world acoming  
(or agoing)  
to? Eh,  
brother?"  
I pondered  
on the case my-



self and came  
to this  
conclusion:  
I'd go and  
ask someone who  
*knew* and thus



avoid  
confusion.  
I hailed a  
crystal-gazer  
and I asked,  
"What's on



ahead?  
Have you a-  
ny informa-  
tion on the sub-  
ject?" "Lots,"  
he said.

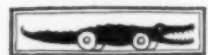
He pointed  
to a shining  
ball and like-  
wise to  
a chair  
and murmured,



"Sir, don't take my  
word—see for  
yourself.  
It's there!"  
I peered in-  
to the future



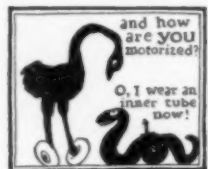
just as far  
as I  
could see  
and saw a  
world all motor-  
ized; each an-



imal  
and tree  
and scaly  
fish and flying  
fowl and bug  
and snake



and flower  
and ele-  
phant and horned  
toad—all run  
by mo-  
tor power!



Canaries  
grew propellers!  
So did ea-  
gles! Yes,  
and *bats*!  
And human



beings stowed their  
gas in fun-  
ny loo-  
king hats!  
And hub caps  
grew where wild flowers



once held up  
their love-  
ly heads.  
The very  
grass was patterned  
like the best



all wea-  
ther treads!  
Queer subma-  
rine equipment  
decked the hip-  
popo-



tami;  
the motor-  
ized coyote  
stole his fu-  
el on  
the sly.

The whale was  
overflowing  
full of brag-  
gado-  
cio,  
abragging



of the knots per  
hour his twin  
screws made  
him go!  
I stared so  
hard I staggered,



falling for-  
ward off  
my chair  
and nearly  
broke my nose—the  
pain was more



than I  
could bear.  
That future-  
showing spheroid  
*wasn't* crys-  
tal—not



at all!  
'Twas a so-  
lid steel, case har-  
dened, highly po-  
lished *bear-*  
*ing ball!*





FEBRUARY 14, 1934

VOL. 83. 2154

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

598 Madison Avenue, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.



A NEW YORK newspaper headline reads: "Convention Here Pleases Governor of North Carolina."

To be sure! We all remember the Governor of North Carolina and his historic observation to the Governor of South Carolina. Of course it pleases him that the convention should come to New York.

Another headline reads: "Many Fight Park Site Art Center."

Just as usual! In view of the regularity and frequency of attempts to run buildings into Central Park, would it not be a great saving of effort to maintain a small standing army consisting of a few generals and a corps of stenographers to defend the Park from all assaults? To improvise defenders two or three times a year seems a waste of energy. Preparedness is better.

Now as to those oil leases; fortune continues to favor Mr. Coolidge. What he needed above all things was a chance to show what he could do. His first opportunity was his message to Congress. He did well by it and it did well by him. It showed him as a man who knew his mind about some things and was willing to impart his views about them in a few plain words. Now comes another grand opportunity. It has been brought to his notice that the administration of which he is now the head has been corrupt in certain important particulars. What seems to be the worst Cabinet scandal since President Grant's time has come to him for treatment. The Democrats are saying that it will give the next election to them, and perhaps it will. The more reason to deal with it promptly and effectively. Mr.

Coolidge is not to blame for it. It merely gives him another chance to show how he does things.

The blame for it does attach, however, to the Republican Party, and when the Democrats get out their long bill of particulars to sustain the charge that the Republican Party is unfit to govern the country, the oil leases and the circumstances attending them will be one of the items. The great charge, however, will be that when the Republicans took hold, the United States had the greatest prestige in all its history, and that in the three years in which it has had a Republican administration, that prestige has steadily declined. If the voters conclude on the evidence submitted that the United States might have done invaluable services for Europe to its own advantage and that of all humanity, and could not tackle the job because Republican statesmen prevented, they may vote the Democrats in.



A GOOD variation from a mental diet of current newspapers is to read a few chapters of the Apocalypse. When you read in that remarkable document about the beasts, the various colored horses, the seals and the dragons, and the lurid intimations of hell working loose, the chance of anybody's getting to any comfortable final abode seems very, very slim. It is interesting reading, the Apocalypse, but bewildering. The current spiritist books are very conservative documents compared with it, but the newspapers and the magazines that deal with current affairs just now run the apocalyptic narrative pretty hard.

The first piece in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February is about the contemporary provision of airships and explosives in France. We all know about it in a general way, but this article gives particulars. The French seem to be providing themselves with the conveniences for complete effacement of the features from the face of Europe at any time France may find it expedient. Naturally all the neighbors are getting scared and beginning to spend money that they cannot spare in trying to beat the French bluff. We know why France is doing it and we know she has a case, but that does not dispose of the fact that the energies and the money of Europe are turning away from repairing the damage done by the late war to preparation for another and more destructive war still to come. Every sane person would admit that that is the most awful foolishness conceivable. The merit of it is that it is producing a new situation which will compel a solution of the problems of Europe.



PRACTICALLY no one, not even the airplane manufacturers and the chemists, wants another war. France certainly does not want one. She wants security. But there will be a war unless it can be averted by an infusion of common sense into European affairs. We have some good men over there—the Dawes Commission—who are trying to facilitate that infusion. That is all we are doing about it, but that is something. But the new Premier in England will also do what he can, and it is possible that a shake-down in French politics will help him.

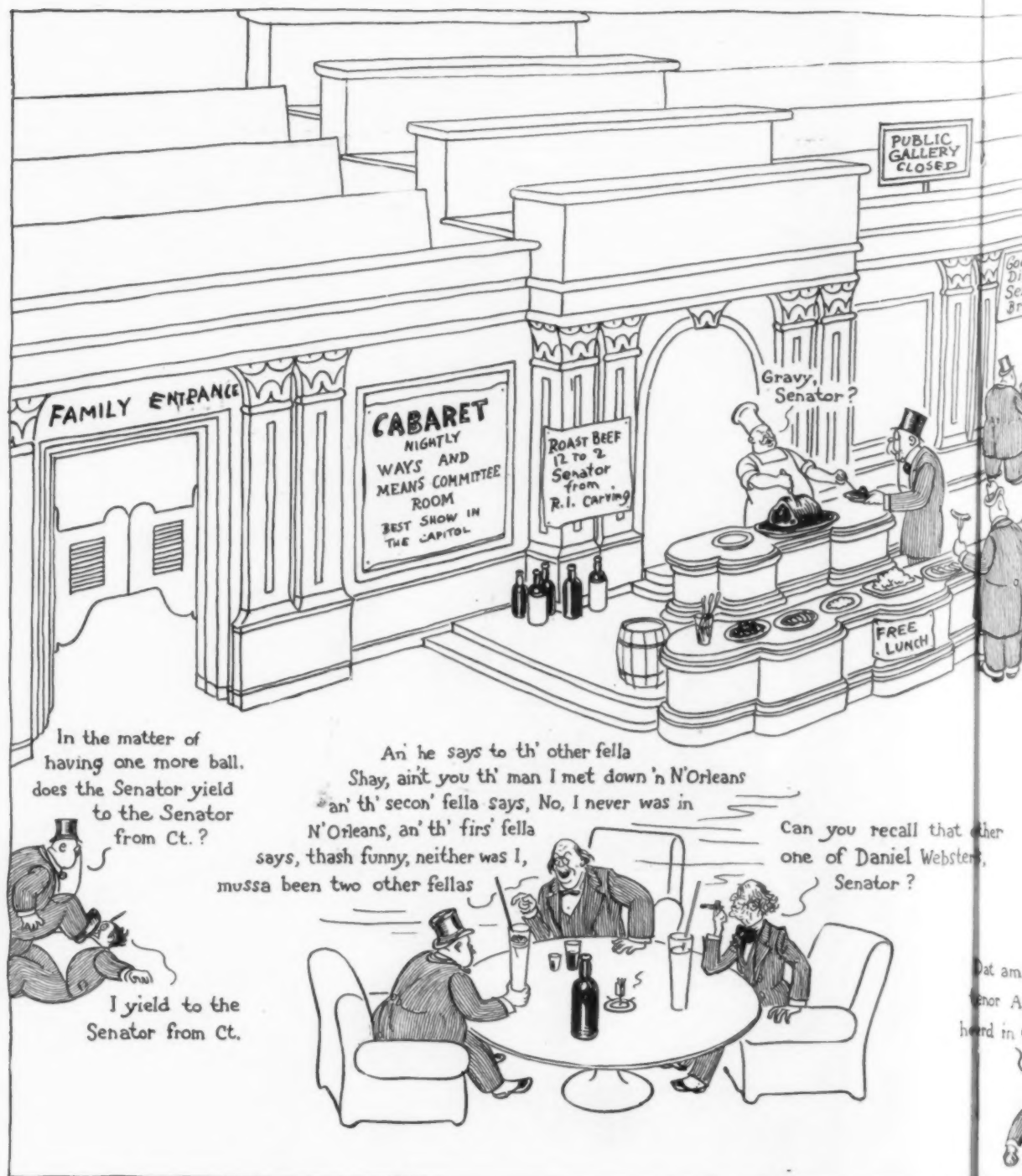
The burning question of the day, transcending all questions of domestic politics, is how to save Europe from another war. It may be done through the League of Nations, or perhaps through the contrivance of a United States of Europe. It must be done somehow if the babies of this generation are to live their lives out. It will not be done until a sufficient number of the inhabitants of the world are scared blue at the prospect of the consequences of not doing it, but the materials for scaring them are accumulating so fast as to renew hope of action.

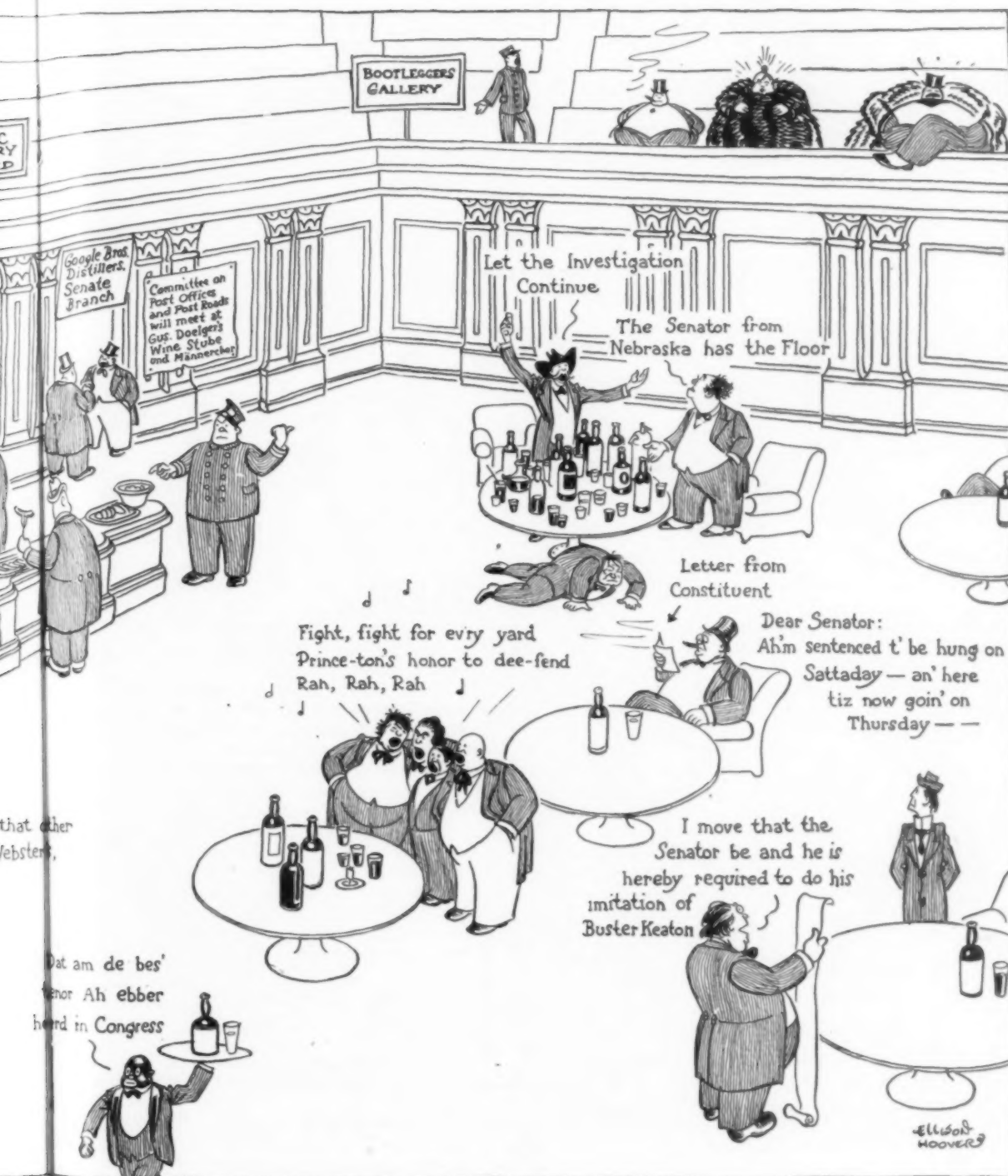
E. S. Martin.





VALENTINE GREETINGS







### Fifty-Fifty

SOMETHING must go on in the mind of a playwright who writes two acts of vegetable dinner by way of leading up to one good scene. He must somehow believe that the audience are going to trust him for a couple of hours and stay in their seats until he gets around to diverting them. He must give them credit for second-sight which will make them say to themselves: "This isn't so much, but I'll just stick around for that second-act curtain."

It is pretty difficult to have faith during the first two acts of Clemence Dane's "The Way Things Happen." If it weren't for the fact that she wrote "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Will Shakespeare" there would be nothing to lead you to suppose that she had any greater gifts at playwrighting than could be wrapped up in the program of the Oak Hall Stock Co. and taken home.

All the Old Ones are there. One by one they come running out of the woodwork: the poor ward in love with the son of the house who has "borrowed" the bonds to pay off racing losses; the libidinous office-mate who has the incriminating receipt which he will surrender to the poor ward if she will (heh-heh) come to his chambers that night. (Some time a heroine is going to come along who will *refuse* to go to the gent's chambers for any reason whatsoever. So far, in the history of the drama, they have always been talked into going—and always without a hat.)



THEN, finally, thanks to Katharine Cornell, there comes a scene which is convincing, and following that, the play makes several other brave attempts to get to its feet and hit something. It is one of those pieces in which members of the cast are constantly flying into rages over nothing, standing very straight and throwing back their heads and waxing aspirate in their desire that there shall be no mistake about their having their pride, or their feelings, or their what nots. The only trouble is, you don't believe it.



OUR campaign against priggish heroes seems to have had no effect at all. The job that is assigned to Tom Nesbitt in "The Way Things Happen" is one of the most ungrateful that a young man could have. Not only does he have to steal bonds in the first place, but when he finds out that a young lady has made considerable sacrifice of her better feelings in order to keep him out of jail, he has

to freeze up and accuse her of trying to degrade him by putting him under obligations to her. And out of the room he stamps and goes to jail, just to spite her.

We wouldn't speak of this so crossly if it were the first time, but after our constant complaining it does seem as if just one hero might come along whom one does not want to bust on the nose. As a matter of fact, Miss Cornell does just that to Mr. Nesbitt, and it is only one of the splendid things that she does to save the play.



WITH "The Clod," "The Square Peg," and now "The Goose Hangs High" to his credit, it almost seems as if Mr. Lewis Beach might be tentatively hailed as a promising writer of natural American drama. He unquestionably has the gift of making his characters talk like real people, and, so far as we are concerned, this marks the chief difference between a real play and an imitation play.

"The Goose Hangs High" has wild moments when even its dialogue can't make it credible, but for the most part it is an exceedingly satisfactory time-exposure of home life in a nondescript American city-town. It again brings the heavily advertised Younger Generation face to face with the Older Generation, and, as is quite fitting, gives the boys and girls the best of it in the end. The Grandmother (played in true lavender manner by Mrs. Whiffen) turns out to be just about as mean an old lady as you ever saw, and her gloating satisfaction in announcing to the children that their father has lost his job and that they can therefore not go back to college is a timely reminder that all the selfishness and bad manners in the world are not confined to the Younger Generation.

The entire cast, headed by Norman Trevor (now definitely out of the home-breaking and into the home-making class), help make "The Goose Hangs High" worth a visit.



THERE isn't much to "Sweet Little Devil" but Constance Binney and the efforts of Franklyn Ardell and Marjorie Gateson to wring some comedy out of a pretty bad book, but Miss Binney is a lot more than many musical comedies have had to work with. She is cute and talented and is one of the few ingenues who can handle a pair of large dark eyes and a Southern accent without throwing us into a long and violent illness.

Robert C. Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

## More or Less Serious

**Cyrano de Bergerac.** *National*—Walter Hampden's revival of a thrilling classic.

**Hell-Bent for Heaven.** *Klaw* (special matinees)—Better than most plays running on regular schedule.

**Hurricane.** *Frolic*—Olga Petrova in an intense bout with s.n.

**In the Next Room.** *Vanderbilt*—The season's one murder mystery, and a very satisfactory one, too.

**The Lady, Empire**—The good old hoke, palatably dished up by Mary Nash.

**Laugh, Clown, Laugh!** *Belasco*—Lionel Barrymore as the customary crying clown, only better than usual.

**The Living Mask.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—A discursive study of madness, with Arnold Korff furnishing several exciting moments.

**The Miracle.** *Century*—An inspiring and incomparable spectacle.

**Mister Pitt.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Worth seeing for Walter Huston's performance and the many scenes of poignant heart-tug.

**Moscow Art Theatre.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Last weeks of the third return engagement of Russia's noted players.

**Outward Bound.** *Ritz*—The Great Beyond made into the locale for the season's most distinctive drama.

**Rain.** *Mazine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in her perennial assault on moral bigotry and bad weather.

**Saint Joan.** *Garrick*—Shaw's rather long but tonic version of the Maid's career and death, with Winifred Lenihan as Joan.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth*—Helen Menken in a stogy and popular concoction.

**The Shame Woman.** *Comedy*—Backwoods sinning.

**Sun-Up.** *Princess*—An intensive and dramatic study of peasant reactions to war.

**Tarnish.** *Belmont*—Man's weakness sympathetically handled in an excellent little play.

**The Way Things Happen.** *Lycum*—Reviewed in this issue.

**White Cargo.** *Daly's*—Showing in vivid fashion the deleterious effect of the tropics on the Nordic constitution.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—In another two or three years we'll have this play driven out of town.

**The Goose Hangs High.** *Bijou*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Gypsy Jim.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Leo Carillo very whimsical in a play with a Lesson.

**Meet the Wife.** *Klaw*—A more or less conventional treatment of the return of the first husband. Mary Boland as the unquestionably harassed wife.

**The Merry Wives of Gotham.** *Henry Miller's*—Grace George and Laura Hope Crews blending their comedy charm in a cute little play about New York when it was Irish.

**The Nervous Wreck.** *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in hilarious dish-smashing and gun-play.

**The Other Rose.** *Morosco*—A pleasantly thin trifle carried along by Fay Bainter and Henry Hull.

**The Potters.** *Plymouth*—The home-life of the *Goofus Americanus* shown with beautiful accuracy.

**The Song and Dance Man.** *Hudson*—George M. Cohan in person giving a fine performance in an ideal rôle.

**Spring Cleaning.** *Eltinge*—Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews giving tone to an amusing bit of sophisticated scandal.

**The Swan.** *Cort*—A comedy of royal home-life which practically heads the list, with Eva Le Gallienne as its star.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** *Shubert*—Fairly crass, with some legitimate laughs from Frank Fay and Harry Kelly.

**Charlot's Revue.** *Times Square*—London stars in the most intelligently amusing revue in town.

**Kid Boots.** *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at the top of his form.

**Little Jessie James.** *Little*—Containing a song-hit that is a song-hit.

**Lollipop.** *Knickerbocker*—To be reviewed next week.

**Mary Jane McKane.** *Imperial*—A nice little show, with Mary Hay and Hal Skelly.

**Moonlight.** *Longacre*—To be reviewed next week.

**Mr. Battling Butler.** *Selwyn*—Pretty good. Charles Ruggles and William Kent furnishing the giggles.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—Several eye-fuls, including Frank Tinney.

**One Kiss.** *Fulton*—From the French "Ta

*Bouche,"* with Jack Hazzard, Ada Lewis and Oscar Shaw to help it out.

**Poppy.** *Apollo*—A good show made much better by Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields and Luella Gear.

**The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly.** *Liberty*—One of the Cohan cycle, this time kidding itself.

**Runnin' Wild.** *Colonial*—The best, and only, Negro show in town.

**Stepping Stones.** *Globe*—Fred Stone and family in a personal dancing triumph.

**Sweet Little Devil.** *Astor*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Topics of 1923.** *Winter Garden*—Delysia in a surprisingly decent revue.

**Wildflower.** *Casino*—Showing what can be done with a fine score.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Cissie Loftus has joined up for a limited term.



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY SEEK TO LEARN IF REGALIA SWEENEY, CELEBRATED SCREEN STAR, PRESERVES HER BEAUTY WITH MONGOLIAN MASSAGE CREAM AS ADVERTISED.

### "Morituri in California Te Salutamus"

**T**O all those persons who have come to the notorious California Climate to die, the real estate man is the biggest hurdle. If you get over him, you can survive anything, and the Native Son need have no terrors for you. California has but two kinds of weather—fine and unusual. It has but one kind of realtor. Unfortunately he is neither.

"I am in the market for a modest little home," I told the most powerful realtor in the crowd, as he yanked me off the step of the Pullman, grabbed my bags, and threw them into his Rolls-Royce. "Something small, you know; just a little place that one can die in comfortably."

"I know just what you want," he said. "I've got the best buy in Southern California—Olympus Heights—'between Hollywood and Heaven'—lovely Italian Villa done in Spanish Style with Old English gables—attractive thing—climate, fertility and scene perfect—property going up all the time—straight up the mountain—four hundred dollars a front foot—steep, because of the grade."

I called a policeman and had him held. As I was about to escape another realtor pounced on me.

"I'm in the market——" I began.

"Know just what you want," he panted, dragging me up the street to where a Cadillac limousine waited, embellished with the gang mark of the Realtors' and Yeggmen's Protective Association of Southern California. "Best buy in Southern California—Parnassus Place—little

French château—patio in back—patio-de-foie-gras growing all over the lawn—palms, oranges, ripe figs, six master bedrooms, seven baths; one for every day in the week—lovely view of the ocean and mountains—climate, fertility and scene perfect—can't see it now because my agent's got three hundred tourists up there and you can't get near the place on account of the crowd—dirt cheap at \$54,500—property worth six hundred a front foot—sign here!"

I pleaded with him to be allowed to buy a couple of back feet. Tears came into my eyes, and I laid my hand on my pocketbook. He took it away from me and threw me out of the car. A realtor picked me up and dragged me into his office.

"Know just what you want," he insisted, brushing me off. "Got just the place for a young man who's come to California to spend his last dollars—I mean days. Best buy south of Nome—inexpensive little thing—Renaissance Period with Venetian blinds, Moorish balconies, Back-Bay windows and early Neolithic door-jambs—African jungle in back surrounding Patagonian pagoda—best Damascus blades of grass—lovely view—owner came out here to die but had to go back East to live—couldn't afford it—great bargain at \$37,321, including war tax."

I tried other realtors later, but they were all the same. I have now a clear choice of a Crusades Period tent, furnished in the Early Grand Rapids, or a public mortuary.

*Weed Dickinson.*



CUPID'S ROUNDUP



*Skippy:* WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR PATH SHOVELED OFF, MRS. BILKENS?  
"WHY, YES! GO RIGHT AHEAD, SKIPPY."



*Mrs. Bilkens:* REMEMBER—MAKE A NICE JOB OF IT—A GOOD WIDE PATH.



*Skippy:* A VACYUM CLEANER WOULDN'T DO IT NO BETTER 'N THIS.



*Skippy:* IT'S ALL DONE, MRS. BILKENS. IT'LL BE THIRTY CENTS. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING IT FOR FUN."



*Mrs. Bilkens:* YOU'LL GET NO MONEY OUT O' ME.

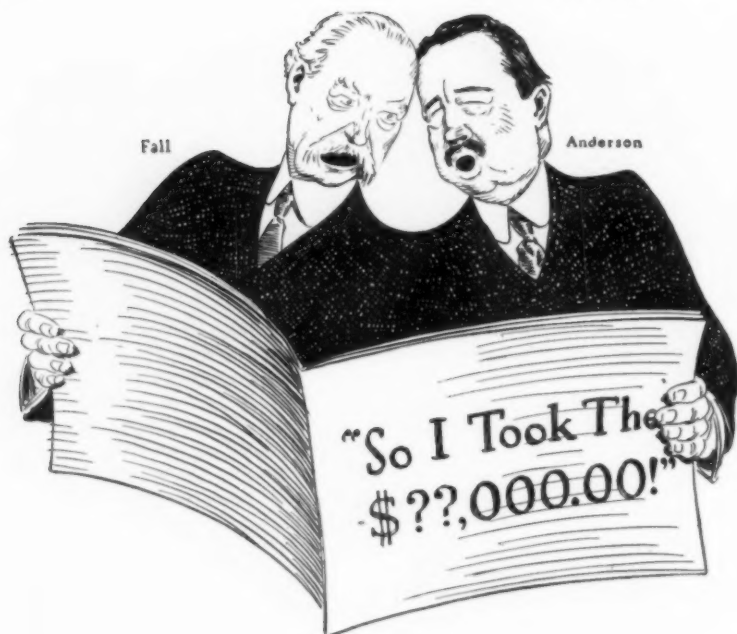


*Skippy:* NO?



"THEN YOU'LL GET NO WORK OUTA ME."

Skippy



CLOSE HARMONY

### Hickory Branch Jottings

**R**UFE MILTON is planning to have a garden this spring if he can find some one to lend him a spade.

Tom Reynolds came near winning the Bok peace prize. His number was 1468.

Zeb Brown's six children are all through school now and Zeb thinks it is a shame the money that's being wasted on education.

Bill Jones dreamed the other night that he paid off all of his creditors. He has been sleeping eighteen hours a day since, trying to dream where he is going to get the money.

Nicodemus Firkin, our constable, would like to see just one traffic tie-up here that didn't have a cow mixed into it.

### School Supplies

**C**OUNTRY SCHOOL-TEACHER (on a country school-teacher's salary): If each child will bring an egg to school to-morrow I will show you how Columbus made one stand on end. And if you cannot get an egg, why, just bring a piece of ham.

**"H**IVES bother you this winter?"

"No; I've escaped, thus far, without a scratch."

"I've got a new attachment on my player-piano."

"That so? What's it for?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."



PASSING THE CENSORS

"WHAT YA GOT? WHERE'D YA GIT IT? WHAT YA PAY FER IT?"

### The Louvain Library Fund

**A**MERICA'S gift to the Belgians—the new library at Louvain—is languishing for lack of funds. Up to the present time little more than a third of the one million dollars needed to cover the cost of construction has been raised and work is at a standstill. LIFE is unwilling to believe that America forgets so quickly. What the invaders destroyed in 1914 we are pledged to replace. To Cardinal Mercier and to Albert and his Queen our word has been given. Plans are drawn, work has begun, and only the money necessary to complete the building is lacking. Louvain must no longer remain a gift without a giver.

LIFE invites contributions from its readers that the work may go on. Checks should be drawn payable to J. P. Morgan & Co. and marked for the Louvain Library Fund. They may be sent either to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, or to the Secretary of the National Campaign Committee, 407 West 117th Street, New York City.

Checks received by LIFE will be acknowledged in these columns and forwarded to the Committee in charge.

LIFE starts its list with a contribution of \$100.00.



## How Our Oil Stock Promotion Circulars May Soon Read


OIL! OIL! OIL! OIL!  
This is Your chance. Get in on the ground floor before it  
is too late!

THE ARMY & NAVY OIL & GAS COMPANY.  
We are owners of the largest oil fields in the world!  
Located at Washington, D. C.! Is there oil in Washington?  
You'd be surprised!!!

Listen! Our prospectors have just made extensive drillings  
in two cabinet officers! Both proved gushers! We are  
taking out 200,000 barrels a day from these two men alone!  
'Swonderful! And that is not all! We start drilling  
another Federal officer to-morrow and expect to have a  
dozen influential politicians open and PRODUCING OIL before  
the first of next month! The supply is limitless!!!

Don't be discouraged because previous investments in the  
oil business by you have not been profitable! Probably the  
companies in which you invested did not look for oil in the  
right buildings! Maybe they drilled the wrong officials!  
We are IN RIGHT! We operate only in buildings and upon  
officials we KNOW have OIL!

We call your attention to our big bonanza oil well: SENATOR  
OTIS WILL GRABBITT! WE TAPPED THIS MAN TWO YEARS  
AGO AND ARE GETTING OIL OUT OF HIM STILL!

 We are not fakers! With every certificate of  
stock we sell we send you a photograph of our oil  
wells (side whiskers, frock coat, Stetson hat and  
everything). When writing, be sure to state whether  
you want front or profile view.



Mother: TAKE OFF THOSE SKATES! DO YOU THINK  
PANTS GROW ON TREES?



THE STUDENT OF A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF SKI-  
ING PRACTICES HIS FIRST LESSON.

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

We have been in the oil business for years and in all that  
time only opened one public man who did not produce!  
There was a reason! (He had been pumped out under a  
previous Administration.)

\* \* \*

As an added attraction we announce to our stockholders  
that we plan great expansion into other industries. EARLY  
IN THE SUMMER WE PLAN TO TAP A NUMBER OF FEDERAL  
OFFICIALS FOR COAL, COPPER, ZINC AND WHAT HAVE YOU!

SEND THAT CHECK TO-DAY! DON'T DELAY! DO IT NOW!  
OIL! OIL! OIL! OIL! OIL!

H. I. Phillips.

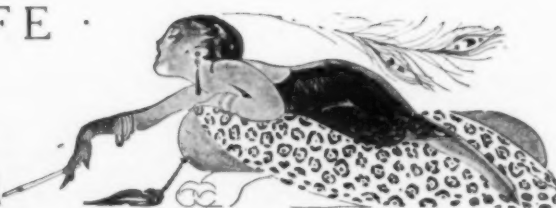
### Business First

BUSINESS MAN (telephoning): Hello, is this William's  
wholesale house? I have one of your salesmen here and  
he has just insulted me. What shall I do?

VOICE ON OTHER END: First give him a big order and  
then throw him out!

ALMOST any one can suggest a plan for World Peace,  
but it takes a genius to think up ways of getting  
into War. If you are that genius, you will want to com-  
pete in the War Prize Contest. The details will be  
furnished in next week's issue of LIFE.

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## "The Eternal City"

I HAVE never read Hall Caine's novel, "The Eternal City," and am therefore unable to include him in the blame which must be lavished on the movie version of that book. It is nonsense on a heroic scale.

The producer, Samuel Goldwyn, spared no expense on this picture; he engaged a high-toned director and a spectacular cast, and then sent them all to Rome to run wild among the ruins. Unfortunately, he neglected to include a credible story in the baggage which they carried to Italy—and when they returned, all they had to show for the trip were some photographs of Rome (which Burton Holmes might have made with less fuss) and some obstreperous emotional acting by Lionel Barrymore, Barbara La Marr, Montague Love, Bert Lytell and Benito Mussolini.

Yes, the Fascist Napoleon appears in "The Eternal City," supported by his legions of black-shirted followers and his tidal waves of sonorous propaganda. His deportment on the screen lends weight to the theory that this is just where he belongs.

## "Wild Oranges"

THERE is nothing colossal or garish or spectacular about "Wild Oranges"; it has no European leaders in its cast; it has no backgrounds that were "built two thousand years ago" under the personal supervision of Samuel Goldwyn, and it is one of the finest moving pictures that I have ever seen.

"Wild Oranges" is the one photoplay that deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with "Tol'able David." It, too, is based on a story by Joseph Hergesheimer (and the story is followed to the letter), and, like "Tol'able David," it is packed solidly with violent drama. You can not see "Wild Oranges" without feeling the tremendous inward surge which no theatrical trumpery can inspire.

In the cast of this remarkable picture are exactly five people; there isn't so much as one extra to distract

the attention. It so happens that these principals are all excellent. In each of them is the power of a mob.

The extraordinary strength of "Wild Oranges," however, lurks not so much in the story or the players as in the direction of King Vidor. He has done

his job with the same simplicity, the same economy of movement and the same profound regard for pictorial eloquence that stamped Charlie Chaplin's work in "A Woman of Paris."

YOU who cry that the movies are all vulgar and stupid and shoddy—and who ignore them for that reason—you will find a refutation of your theories in "Wild Oranges." It is a great picture—and if you let it pass unnoticed, then you will have yourself to blame for the low estate of the silent drama.



BARBARA LA MARR  
AND LIONEL BARRYMORE IN  
"THE ETERNAL CITY."



## "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln"

THERE have been plenty of historical dramas on the screen, but through all of them has been woven a strand of purely fictional romance. "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is the first serious attempt at straight, unadulterated biography—and it has proved to be so vitally impressive that we may now look forward to a whole cycle of such records in the movies.

Two brothers, Rockett by name, produced "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," and engaged for the rôle one George Billings, an erstwhile bill collector in Los Angeles. Mr. Billings had no theatrical experience, but he did have a remarkable idea of the true Lincoln character. He has managed to represent this character with great forcefulness in the picture.

The story is episodic, starting with Lincoln's birth in a Kentucky cabin and ending with his assassination in Ford's Theatre. At no point in the narrative is there any splurge of ham patriotism. Lincoln's life story is told as it should be told, with dignity, with human sympathy and with humility. It reflects the Great Emancipator in spirit as well as in form.

Above all things, this picture avoids the legendary conception of Lincoln as a formidable granite figure on a pedestal. It reminds us of the readily forgettable fact that he was a man.

Robert E. Sherwood.



## *Take a Kodak with you*

Whether city stroll or country hike, winter sets the stage for a picture worth the making. And the Kodak way is the easy way and one that's fun from the start.

*Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up*

*At your dealer's*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Sowing the East Wind

Home-town item: Miss Nettie Schmidt has succeeded Mr. Hi Lo Game in the chair of Mah-Jong at the Bon Ton department store, and Mr. Game, the Dean Emeritus, has left for Chickasha, Ok.—*Kansas City Star*.

### The Cash Birthday Gift

DAUGHTER: Daddy, dear, can I have twenty-five dollars to buy you a birthday present?

PARSIMONIOUS POP: No, Jane, I think I'd rather have the money.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"Do you think Charlie Chaplin will go down to history?"

"Yep—feet first."

—*Toronto Telegram*.

"BEEN visiting friends?"

"No, relatives."—*California Pelican*.



### LOSING CASTE

"SINCE HE LOST HIS MONEY, HALF HIS FRIENDS DON'T KNOW HIM ANY MORE."

"AND THE OTHER HALF?"

"THEY DON'T KNOW YET THAT HE'S LOST IT."

—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen)*.

### Waiting

Morning is yellow and blue,  
Winter is resting in light;  
The sun walks tenderly through  
The fluttering leaves on the height.

His is the faithful slow fire—  
Thought that is eager and strong  
Held on the leash of desire,  
Gathering music for song.

Valleys are quiet and still,  
Knowing the song they shall sing,  
Clasping the knees of the hill,  
Dreaming the rapture of Spring.  
—*D. M. W., in The Bulletin (Sydney)*.

### The Building Tendency

CONSCIENTIOUS CARPENTER: This house won't last, boss, if we rush it through like this.

BUILDER: I'm not building it to last; I'm building it to sell.

—*New York Sun and Globe*.

### Mixed Dialect

One London dramatist can't keep his dialect straight. He makes an American character say: "Bally weather, by heck!"  
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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Best quality Radium silk fashions the Costume Slip illustrated. Trim in lines with the fullness gathered below the waist and a double hem to hip line. Excellently made. Colors—Black, White, Navy, Tan and Gray. \$6.95

The sleeveless gown is hand-made from soft, fine nainsook. Embroidered back and front in an attractive floral design, and dainty scalloping finishes the V-neck and arm holes. Pin tucks on the shoulders. Very excellent value at \$2.95

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# FISHER BODIES



## WHO INVENTED THE MODERN HOTEL?

**W**HO replaced endless flights of stairs with swift elevators?

Who introduced telephones instead of speaking tubes and push buttons?

Who speeded up the service—made it courteous instead of grudging, intelligent instead of blundering?

Who took the speculative element out of dinners and luncheons?

Who decided that hotel rooms must be perfectly ventilated, neither too warm nor too cold—and that a hotel bed should be as inviting and comfortable as one at home?

In truth, the American Public has only itself to thank, for it was the discriminating public's demand for modern comfort and convenience—and its appreciation after it got them—that created the modern hotel.

And it was the United Hotels Company which took the modern hotel—with the enthusiastic approval of the American Public—and placed it in leading business cities outside of the great metropolitan areas.

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THE TEN EYCK, Albany, N. Y.  
HOTEL UTICA, Utica, N. Y.  
THE ONONDAGA, Syracuse, N. Y.  
THE SENECA, Rochester, N. Y.  
HOTEL ROCHESTER, Rochester, N. Y.  
THE ROBERT TREAT, Newark, N. J.  
THE STACY-TRENT, Trenton, N. J.  
THE PENN-HARRIS, Harrisburg, Pa.  
THE LAWRENCE, Erie, Pa.  
THE PORTAGE, Akron, O.  
THE DURANT, Flint, Mich.  
THE MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL, Montreal, Can.  
KING EDWARD HOTEL, Toronto, Can.  
ROYAL CONNAUGHT, Hamilton, Can.  
THE CLIFTON, Niagara Falls, Can.  
PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL, Windsor, Can.

### Under Construction

THE ROOSEVELT, New York City, N. Y.  
THE OLYMPIC, Seattle, Wash.  
THE ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Paterson, N. J.  
THE NIAGARA, Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
THE ADMIRAL BEATTY, St. John, N. B., Can.



UNITED HOTELS CO.  
EXECUTIVE OFFICES:  
25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Fifty-Seven Lamps of Architecture

When I decided to build me a home,  
I felt just a little afraid  
That plan and design were not quite in  
my line,  
So I sought architectural aid,  
And I said: "Show me, pray, something  
most recherché,  
For I'm weary of hanging my hat  
In an Early Victorian,  
Pre-Montessorian,  
Plain two-by-fourian flat."

The architect puffed at his period pipe  
As he sat in his Renaissance chair,  
And he gave me a smile in the pure  
Gothic style,

Though he spoke with a Romanesque  
air.  
Said he: "If your taste is not wholly  
debased

The best you are certain to find  
Is the later Colonial,  
Pseudo-Baronial,  
G. Washingtonian kind."

I thanked him politely and paid him his  
fee,

But sundry acquaintances cried:  
"That stuff you should shun, for it  
hasn't been done  
Since Benjamin Harrison died."  
And they took me direct to a new  
architect,  
Who argued with logic compelling  
For a Quasi-Delsartian,  
Post-Bonapartian,  
Wholly Beaux-Artian dwelling.

My downfall had started; I groped in  
a maze  
Of traces, traditions and trends,  
And I labored anew over prints that  
were blue,

With the aid of my numerous friends.  
But I don't knit my brow about building  
plans now,  
For all of my money is spent,  
And my home's an Arcadian,  
Second-Crusadean,  
Pink-Lemonadean TENT.  
—Anonymous, in Pencil Points.

*PEACE* has been a big disappointment. What the world needs now is another good war. Announcement of the War Prize Contest will be made in LIFE next week. Watch for that issue.

### GATES TOURS to EUROPE

30 to 80 days, \$425 and up. Sailings from May to September. These Tours are planned by skilled experts with over thirty years of successful experience. Write for booklet N 3  
GATES TOURS—Founded 1882  
"World Travel at Moderate Cost"  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York  
London Paris Rome

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*This is it*

The new  
Hinge-Cap on  
**Williams**  
Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost

*The*  
**BILTMORE**  
MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS  
NEW YORK

*Tea in the Palm Room*  
*Dancing in the Supper Room*

JOHN McE. BOWMAN  
President



*Mi Choice*

*The Aristocrat of Chocolates*

coatings specially Bunte  
blended to enhance the  
deliciousness of the  
center.



*A Bunte*  
Candy

BUNTE BROTHERS · CHICAGO

*"LIKE RIDING*

*ON THE CLOUDS"*

The Greatest Advancement  
in Riding Comfort and Safety since  
the Advent of the Pneumatic Tire Itself

THE aggressive Fisk policy—of constantly improving tire design and construction to provide greater motoring comfort—greater safety and freedom from trouble—has made possible the new Fisk Balloon Cords.

Regardless of road conditions—regardless of car weight or wheelbase, Fisk Balloon Cords provide almost vibrationless driving.

Aside from the extra comfort and extra safety they naturally, by eliminating practically all vibration, prolong the life of the car itself.

If you want the last word in tire comfort and luxury ask for information on the new Fisk Balloon Cords.



**FISK**  
BALLOON  
CORD TIRES





Charles Strickfaden, saxophonist with Max Fischer's Orchestra, is among the many leading players who use and endorse the Conn saxophone.

## The CONN SAXOPHONE is Superior

Artists in the foremost popular dance and recording orchestras, as well as the great solo saxophonists, use the Conn and endorse it as the supreme instrument for the professional or amateur, because of its exclusive features, among which are the Hydraulic Expansion of Tapering Tube; Conn Patented Tuning Device; Straight Model Mouthpiece; Improved and Simplified Key System with Automatic Register Key; Integral Sockets with Rolled Edge Key Pad Seats; Foolproof Key Pads, non-warpage and non-shrinkable.

FREE, "Success in Music and How to Win It," an interesting and valuable book for anyone who loves music or has a spark of musical talent. John Philip Sousa and other world-famous musicians give valuable advice. Send coupon for your copy and details of Free Trial. Easy Payment plan on any Conn instrument. Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in the band.

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Please send "Success in Music"  
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### Ballade of the Modern Valentine

THE day has haply hastened by  
When love-lorn lads, long hours  
through,  
In verse essayed to magnify  
The charms of Peg and Pris and  
Prue—  
What dire despairs when rhymes were  
few!  
What reckless use of "mine" and  
"thine"—  
And, oh, what toilful way to woo!  
I'm for the modern valentine.

The canny swain now turns his eye  
To windows on the Avenue—  
"A box where sweets compacted lie,"  
Heart-shaped and ribboned pink or  
blue,  
More potent is than poets' brew;  
Who courts me with confections fine  
Needs not to court the Muse. 'Tis  
true—  
I'm for the modern valentine.

Gone are the days when maids were  
shy—  
He knows my favored flowers, too.  
And though their blooms are scarce and  
high,  
Mid-winter violets I view,  
Or long-stemmed roses wet with dew,  
As per request. No verse for mine!  
The florist sends the *billet-doux*.  
I'm for the modern valentine.

L'Envoi.

Dear Saint, long since we bade adieu  
To patient quill and pondered line,  
Now, when each year you give the cue,  
I'm for the modern valentine!

J. B. H.

### All a Man Knows About a Woman's Clothes

THAT she may have a run in her  
stocking.  
Dresses are always made with gus-  
sets and a peplum.  
Everything is cut on the bias.  
Some are more or less transparent.  
The proper costume for the occasion  
is never at hand.  
They cost like h—.

ADVICE to procrastinating presidential  
candidates: Assume an issue if you  
have it not.



### BIG MONEY IN RAISING SILVER FOX

We buy all you raise. Profits up  
to 300% have been made in a  
single year. Write for free infor-  
mation about this wonderful  
money making business.

Duffus Silver Fox Co.  
218 W. 30th St., New York

## ashamed

*It brought him untold  
misery; yet only he,  
himself, was to blame.*

HE had neglected his teeth so long  
that he was actually ashamed to  
visit his dentist. And like so many  
people, he kept putting it off.

Finally, he became so sensitive about  
their appearance that in conversation  
he habitually distorted his mouth in an  
effort to hide them from view.

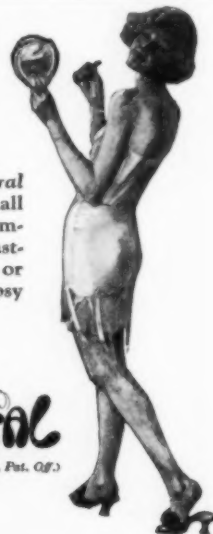
A reasonable effort on his own part—  
consulting his dentist, conscientious use  
of his tooth brush and the right denti-  
fice—might have saved him this  
humiliation. But he even neglected  
these things. He was uncomfortable  
wherever he went.

Only the right dentifrice—consis-  
tently used—will protect you against  
such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste  
cleans teeth a new way. The first tube  
you buy will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement  
even in the first few days. And,  
moreover, just as Listerine is the safe  
antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is  
the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it  
cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about  
you today?—LAMBERT PHARMA-  
CAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

### LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Enables the natural  
figure to achieve all  
the grace and sym-  
metry of the East-  
ern Dancing Girl or  
the Spanish Gypsy

**Oriental**  
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

THE ORIENTAL (trademark)  
is the new and beautiful under-  
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Ask for it in Corset Departments

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 Asheville, N.C.

One of those "wholly satisfying" places found once in a while and never forgotten; perfect service, concentrated comfort. An "all year" resort for pleasure and sport exclusively.

**Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate**  
 Write for Booklet "L"  
 Albert H. Malone, Manager

**In America—An English Inn**

**Mrs. Pep's Diary**  
 (Continued from page 11)

fell to cards, and I did apply the bidding values which Mrs. Kerwin taught me, and my game slowed up somewhat because of my inexperience with them, until Sam said, Come on, Grandma! no fewer than six times, adding that he had liefer lose a few dollars than so many golden moments out of his life. But I paid him no heed, and played a safer game than ever I played, making no errors soever....Reading after dinner in a fascinating book telling all about mascots, and I mean to place seven beans in a circle to-morrow to see if Sam will step on them, albeit the thought of hiding behind a door to watch wearies me in my present state of fatigue. And so, after writing this, to bed.

Baird Leonard.

An Intelligence Office is where you can procure ignorance at eighty-five dollars a month.

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**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
 25 CENTS

**6 BELL-ANS**  
 Hot water  
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 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

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**does the Business**

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."  
 For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mince Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

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## Marshaling the Telephone Forces

In the simple act of lifting the telephone receiver from its hook every subscriber becomes the marshal of an army. At his service, as he needs them, a quarter of a million men and women are organized in the Bell System. One skilled corps of the telephone army moves to place him in talking connection with his neighbor in the next block, in the next state or across the continent. Another highly trained corps is on duty to keep the wires in condition to vibrate with his words. Still others are developing better apparatus and methods, manufacturing and adding new equipment, and installing new telephones to increase the subscriber's realm of command.

The terrain of the telephone army is the whole United States, dotted with 14,000,000 instruments, all within range of the subscriber's telephone voice. Even in the remote places this army provides equipment and supplies. Its methods of operation are constantly being improved, that each user may talk to his friends with increased efficiency. Millions of money are spent in its permanent works. Yet its costs of operation are studiously held to the minimum, that the subscriber may continue to receive the cheapest as well as the best telephone service in the world.

The permanent objective of the Bell System army is to meet the telephone needs of the nation—a hopeless task were not its command unified, its equipment adequately maintained and its personnel trained in the latest developments of telephone art.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**  
 AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES  
**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*

### Preliminaries

"DOAN' yuh start no fight with me, black man. Ah's been decorated in de war."  
 "Mebbe yuh wuz, nigger, but in mah opinion, it's time yuh got redecorated."

**ONE** week from to-day, **LIFE** will fire the opening gun in its campaign for Bigger and Better Wars. Watch for announcement of the Prize Contest.

### Relief for coughs

Use **PISO'S**—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates.  
 35¢ and 60¢ sizes sold everywhere



**Safe Milk**

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.  
 Avoid Imitations

## Do This

*For ten days fight the film on teeth. See how they improve*

IN EVERY circle nowadays you see many pretty teeth. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. It brings results which every woman wants. Send for this free test.

### *That dingy coat*

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, and no ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Under old methods, those film-caused troubles became almost universal.



So dental science sought for film combatants, and found two. One disintegrates film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Today careful people the world over employ it, largely by dental advice.

### Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

### *You'll quickly see*

Pepsodent does other things which research proved essential. It multiplies with every use the tooth-protecting agents in saliva.

The benefits are quick and convincing. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out coupon now.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1433

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 769, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

Now advised by leading dentists  
the world over.

**No more burning  
smarting  
shaves**

**NO more burning.**  
smarting shaves—no more after shaving irritation. Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream contains properties that cool and soothe the skin and actually heal troublesome little cuts. It is a rapid beard softener with a lotion effect. Takes the sting out of the closest shave.

Recommended particularly for a tender skin.

If your druggist cannot supply you send 50 cents for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort.

Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.  
38 Tenth Street,  
Detroit, Mich.

Also  
Windsor,  
Ont.

*There  
is Comfort  
In Every Jar*



### Ode to Encyclopædia

ENCYCLOPÆDIA, I might  
Go plunging through eternal night,  
Did you not always give me light,  
Encyclopædia.

How smart were sages long since dead,  
Who kept their knowledge in the head!  
I keep mine safe in you instead,  
Encyclopædia.

When critics praise me (when they do!),  
I make a pretty bow to you;  
And bless my stars I'm not near through  
The hunky, chunky bulk of you,  
Encyclopædia! M. H. C.

**CIVILIZATION** can't get along without War. We haven't had a good one for five years. Don't miss the announcement of LIFE'S War Prize Contest next week.

### The Escape

His thin lips quivered and he put his hands to his ears as if to shut out some terrible sound that kept ringing in them. At the cellar door he looked stealthily around, his eyes haggard and staring. No one was visible. Perhaps at last he would be able to escape from that jeering, taunting word that had pursued him like a spectre.

Down the cellar stairs he creaked to the closet in which he kept his illegally purchased liquor under lock and key. Hurriedly he seized a bottle of whisky and held it up to the light. Only half-full! There was a hollow sound as he pulled the cork and raised the bottle to his lips.

"Scofflaw!" Sinister and accusing the word was hissed into the air.

"Again!" moaned the man as he gazed frantically around, endeavoring to descry the one who had uttered the dread word. Then his whole body commenced to shake as with the ague. No matter where he went to have a quiet little drink, that word "scofflaw" would pursue him still. Desperately he seized another bottle from the shelf in front of him. Oh, why had they invented that awful epithet to humiliate drinkers?

"There is but one thing to do," he said. "I will drink myself to death."

T. H. L.

# Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



## It ruined her entire evening

**S**OMETHING that she had overheard quite by accident—several men talking about her when they didn't know she was near.

Surely this sort of thing couldn't be true of her—and yet she had heard them with her own ears!

She couldn't get home fast enough. Nor could she explain to her escort why she was so upset. She felt only like bursting into tears—which she did the moment she was alone.

\* \* \*

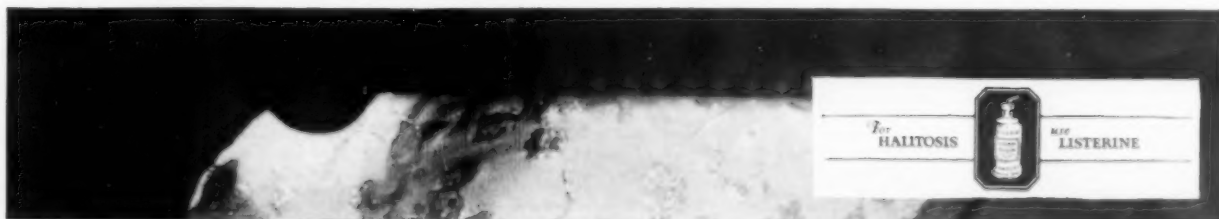
That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice.

But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.



For  
HALITOSIS



USE  
LISTERINE





John B. Frimm, general manager of the "pust" office at Bradley's Corners, and dealer in dry goods, hardware, horehound candy, and tonics for man and beast, allowed that he would rather have a tooth pulled any time than get his photograph taken.

Mr. Frimm made no claims to pulchritudinous preeminence. He was not a man of exquisite tendencies. No one ever caught him wearing spats or gold suspender buckles.

He liked to let it be known that he was "plain and above board," but there was one dark secret in his life. He never explained why he wore that kind of whiskers.

If they had come upon him surreptitiously overnight he might have been exonerated, but it was difficult to attribute exalted motives to a man who would let such things develop while he was conscious.

What, if anything, was back of that bunch of timothy? The question need not be pressed, for it is certain that if J. B. Frimm could have lathered with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream his whiskers would have ceased to precede him when he turned a corner.

Colgate's makes shaving so easy that no man, after lathering with it, is willing to prevent one half of his face from finding out what the other half looks like.

This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.



## COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream

softens the beard *at the base—*  
where the razor's work is done.

It makes shaving so much easier and puts so much more comfort into it that you will be surprised at the wonderful difference.

With hot or cold, soft or hard water, Colgate's quickly nullifies the resistance of the heaviest beard. You will notice, too, that it leaves the face delightfully soothed and velvety.

Let us send you a generous trial tube free. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



COLGATE & CO.  
Dept. 23  
199 Fulton Street  
New York

Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better, easier shaving.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE—Our long experience and great facilities enable us to make marvelous shaving preparations, including cream, powder, and the "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick, which is the last word in shaving economy.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture